

August 10 - 1918.

My Sweetheart:-

Oh! what wonderful news we are getting these days! First the Americans give them a kick and a shove, then the British and French at another point, repeat the process. Prisoners galore - guns and ammunition captured in tremendous quantities - but best of all, sure signs of the incipency of the inevitable decay of the German Army and its morale. Even the most conservative critics are now very optimistic and the situation for the Allies has never been so good. Isn't it cheering dear girl, to know - positively and absolutely, that the superiority of the Allies is at last fully demonstrated, and that now it is only a question as to just how long it will take to administer the beating they deserve? I wish you could see us read the papers, these

days, and gather in groups around  
the official communiqués when  
they are posted, and fight the  
whole thing out (in words).  
Why, we know just what is  
going to happen to the Boche,  
and just when it is going to  
happen, and although of course  
it is only chance that it happens  
so, it is interesting to see how  
many of our predictions really  
come true. None of us will  
ever forget that period of the  
war beginning with July 15<sup>th</sup>  
1918 and ending - where?

That there is to be an end, is  
inevitable. What, the end is to  
be, nobody doubts. When it  
will be we can only surmise  
but that it is drawing nearer  
and nearer we do know and  
for that knowledge let us



2.

humbly thank God.

It is now just ten o'clock - Saturday morning - the tenth of August. How the days and weeks do fly by. It seems as if a month no sooner begins than it is gone. I hope this illusion will continue untill the war ends for it only adds to loneliness and homesickness to have time drag slowly. Of course we are busy, and that always makes the days shorter. When one is unoccupied it is difficult to pass the time. Next Monday we are going to have another dinner at the same place I mentioned in yesterday's letter only we will have veal chops instead of chicken. But that doesn't sound so bad does it dear? I hope by

this time you have decided  
to cease sympathizing with  
us so much for our "suffering".  
Of course we could have more,  
but to me it is wonderful that  
we can be so comfortable and  
so very much in the greatest  
war of world's history at the  
same time. It simply shows  
two things to be very much  
true - that the American soldier  
is possessed of unlimited resource  
to make himself at home in  
any surroundings, and that  
his dear old Uncle Samuel, is  
amply providing him with  
the wherewithal for the  
same. This is surely a well  
cared for army, thanks to  
our Government and to the



wonderful accomplishments  
of the Red Cross and Y.M.C.A.  
no amount of praise can be  
too great for the two latter named  
organizations for the wonderful  
work they have done and are  
continuing to do in making the  
soldier's life a little more pleas-  
ant and comfortable. Their  
efforts will compose a great  
part of the history of this war,  
because without them it would  
have been plain Hell, and as  
it is, it is not such a bad  
little old war after all. We  
all concede that it is by far  
the best war we have, so  
we try to be satisfied with  
it.

I had a wonderful sleep last

night but, being Officer of the  
Day, I had to arise very early  
this morning and that was a  
bit of hard luck especially as  
I was doing a marvellous bit  
of sleeping when the guard  
called me. But up I got and  
made my rounds - gave the com-  
pany setting-up drill, shaved,  
ate breakfast - read the papers,  
did dressings and made rounds,  
and then sat down to write to  
my Darling. I am sitting in  
front of my tent with my  
heavy sweater on, a pack of  
Cigarettes comfortably near  
and not a care in the  
world. My eyes are in fine  
condition now. My cough is  
entirely gone. I weigh 172  
pounds - am hard as a



rock and brown as an Indian,  
 and I never felt so well in my  
 life. I have told you several  
 times dear that I received the  
 little book "How to be a Soldier"  
 but you must have failed to  
 get the letter. I thoroughly en-  
 joyed it as did everyone else in  
 the outfit for I think all  
 of the enlisted men read it  
 after the officers had finished.  
 It sure was a clever little  
 book and I want to thank  
 you again for sending it to  
 me.

I did not receive any mail  
 from you yesterday after all,  
 and it was a great disappoint-  
 ment, but we are all expecting  
 to get some today and I trust  
 our expectations may be realized.

It has been a long time now  
since we had mail. I will have  
another nice lot of it when it  
does come and I can hardly  
wait until it does.

Well Mother dear, I will close  
now. Give my love and kisses to  
Glad and my darling babies. I  
love them dearly and love you  
with all my heart, soul and love.  
I will write more tomorrow dear.  
God bless you. I love you.  
A.B.

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